BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

THE COMIC WITH BANANAMAN YOUR TV STAR

16p IR-27p (Inc. VAT)

No. 221 May 5th, 1984

EVERY SATURDAY

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, LITTLE ERIC, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . .

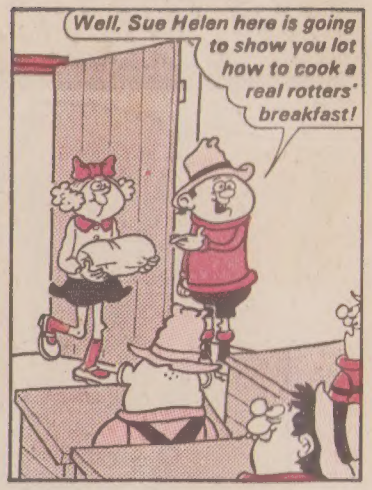
BANANAMAN

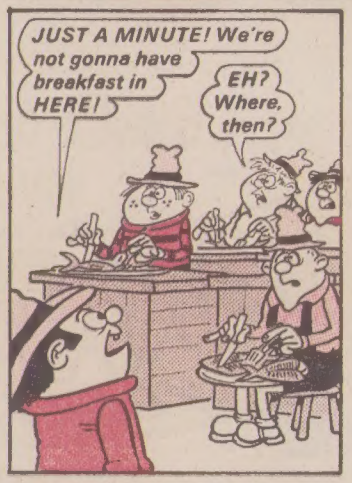
Hmm! Bananaman hasn't been capturing many crooks lately—he's not GRAPH-ting hard enough.
VILLAINS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY BANANAMAN
Get over right away, Eric—THAT'S AN ORDER!
I'll be there in two shakes of a badger's bunions.
But seeing as I don't know any badgers, I'd better take the bus.
AHEM! I don't think the conductor will accept this load of assorted rubbish.
I know! I'll have a banana.
GERONIMO!
FOOM!

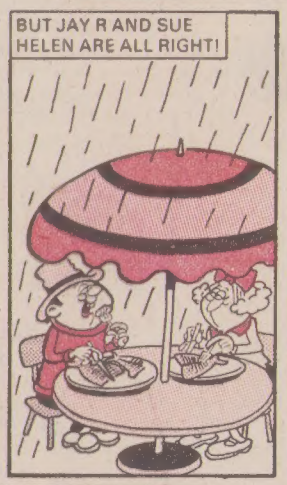
MORE DRAMATIC GOINGS-ON ON THE CENTRE PAGES

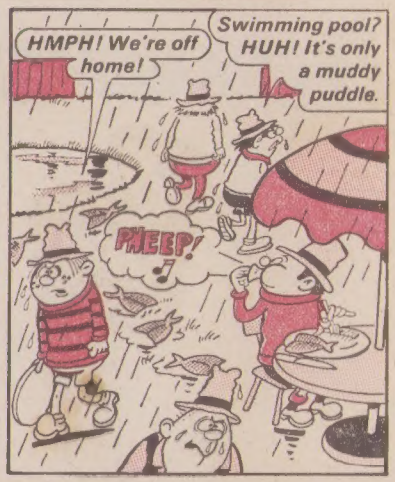
JAY R. HOOD

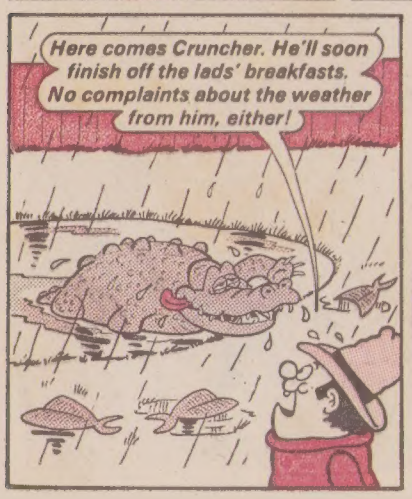
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

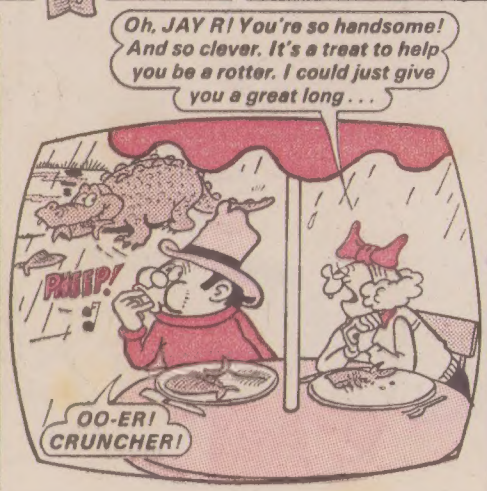










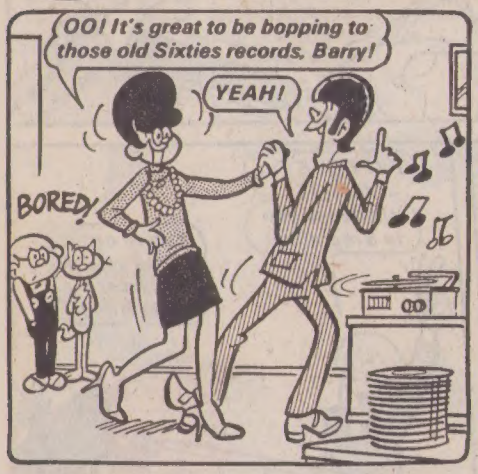

Oh, JAY R! You're so handsome! And so clever. It's a treat to help you be a rotter. I could just give you a great long . . .
PHEEP!
OO-ER! CRUNCHER!

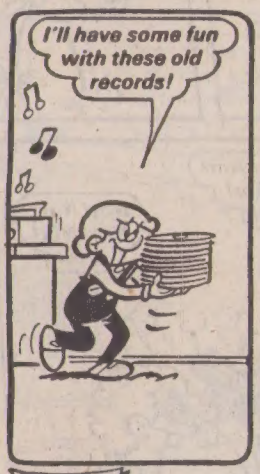
NTY. 5.5.84

PETER Pest

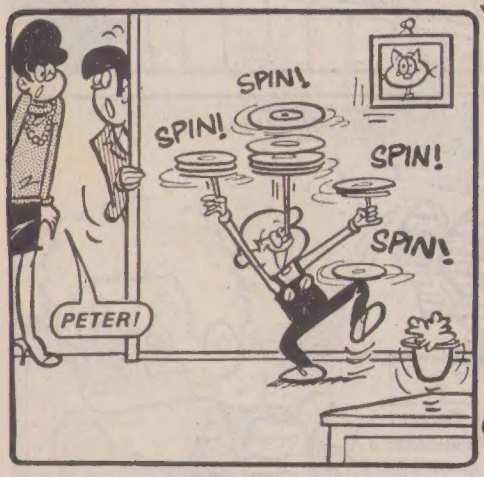
I just love the styles and the music of the Nineteen-Sixties!
GOSH!

Here's my new boyfriend, Barry. He's really into the Sixties too!


OO! It's great to be bopping to those old Sixties records, Barry!
YEAH!
BORED!


I'll have some fun with these old records!

SOON—
GASP! My records! They're missing!
But I know where they are.
GONE!


SPIN!
SPIN!
SPIN!
SPIN!
PETER!

OOPS!
EH? Whassat? Who spoke?
CRACK!
SMASH!
CRACK!

That's a horrible brother you've got, Doris. I'm off to repair my rare records!

WAIL! He's the only boy I know who's into the Sixties.
BOO HOO! SOB! YOWL!
Poor Sis!
NTY. 5.5.84

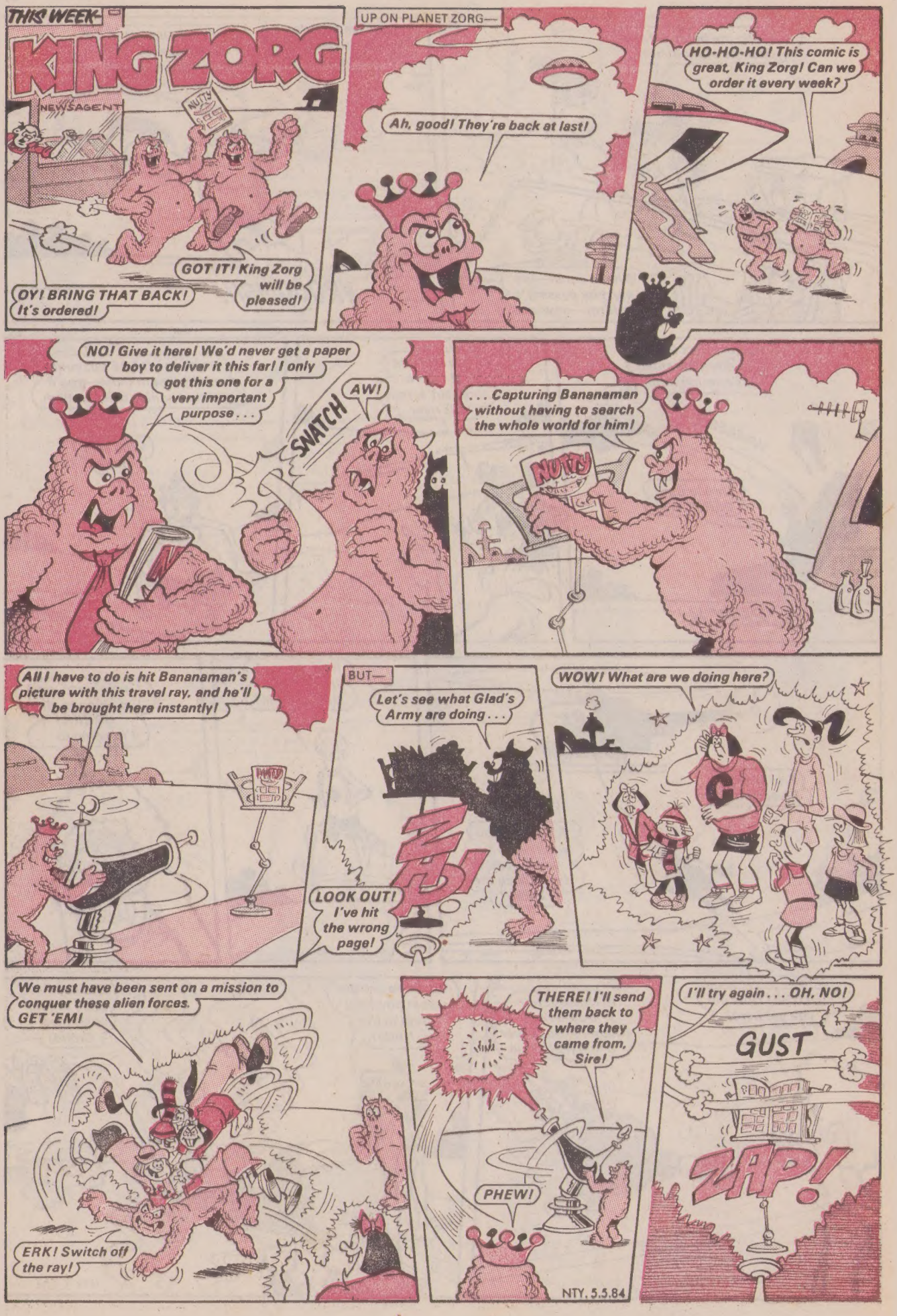
SHORTLY—
I've a chap here who's into the Sixties, Sis, but you'll have to hurry . . .
Oh, yes! I'm coming!

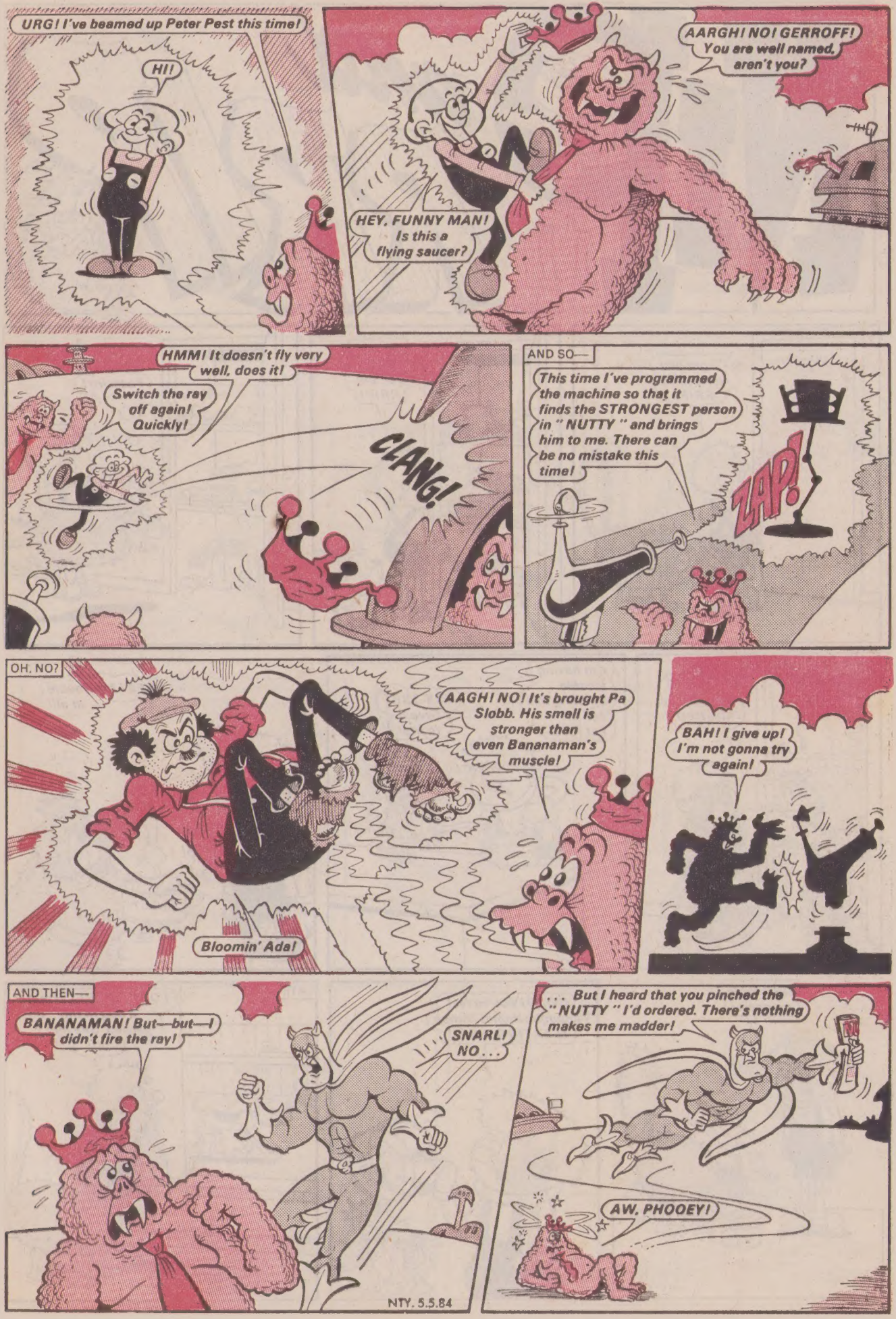
. . . Come tomorrow, he'll be into his Seventies!
BAH!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

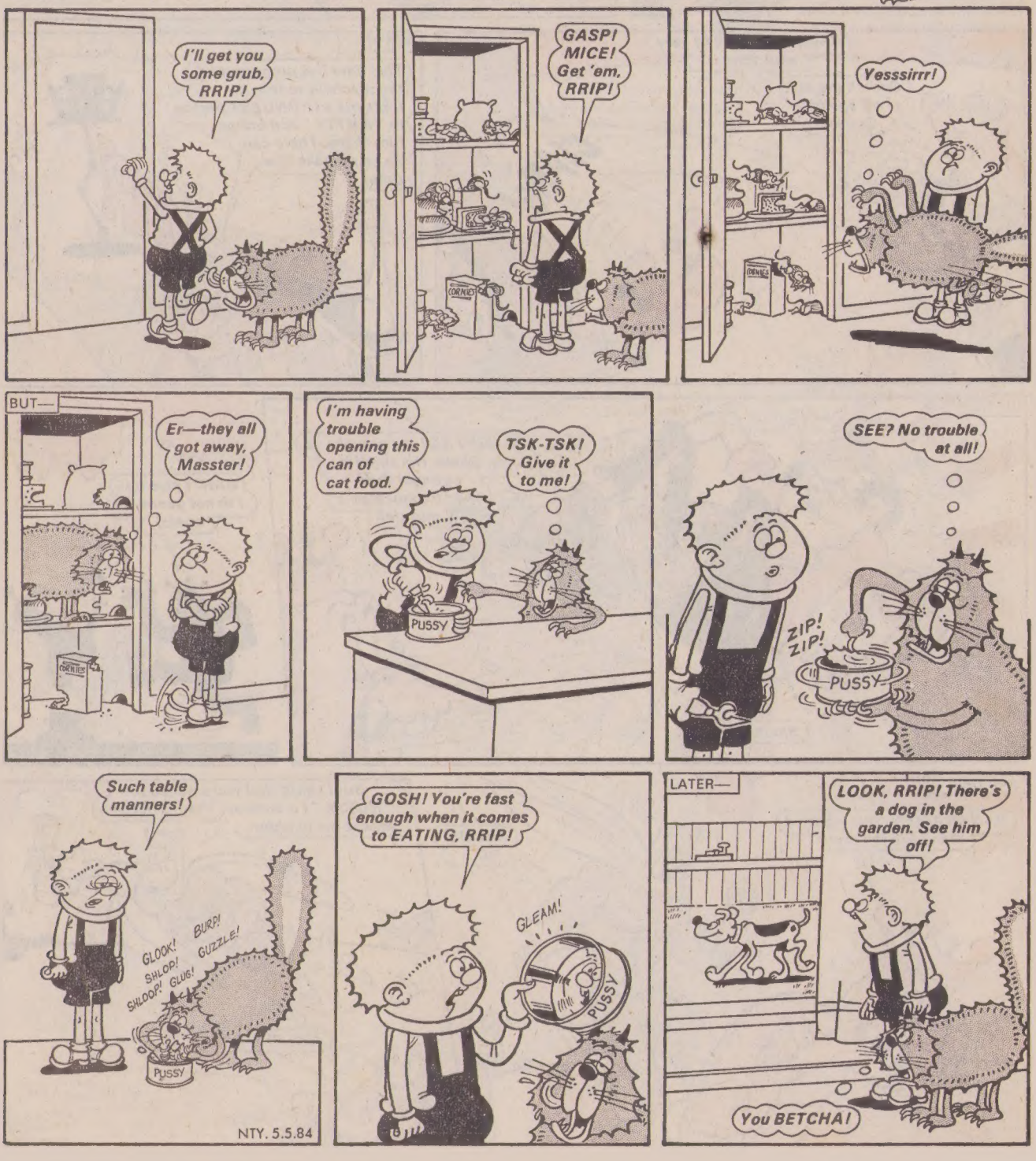
Oi, you've still got yer 'jamas on, Chuck!
Ignorant buffoon! This is a track-suit! I am training to get fit.
I don't 'ave to train—look, this is solid muscle.
Solid FLAB more like—you are only fit for the rubbish dump.
PORKE!
I'm fitter than you, Mooosh!
Ooh, you are not either!
Am! Am! Am! Am! Am! Am!
Not! Not! Not! Not! Not!
I'll PROVE I'm fitter! I challenge you to a marathon.
You're on! Mind you, I prefer Mars Bars!
Idiot! A marathon is a 26-mile race!
Twenty-six m-m-miles?
PH-PHEW!
Titter! I knew that'd scare him.
SOON. ON THE STARTING LINE—
Ready, steady—Go!
NTY. 5.5.84
TWO MINUTES LATER—
OW! OW! OUCHA! Me tootsies are murderin' me.
HOBBLE!
PLOD!
THEN—
Poor old chap! You look as though you could do with a lift.
You're a proper gent, Mate.

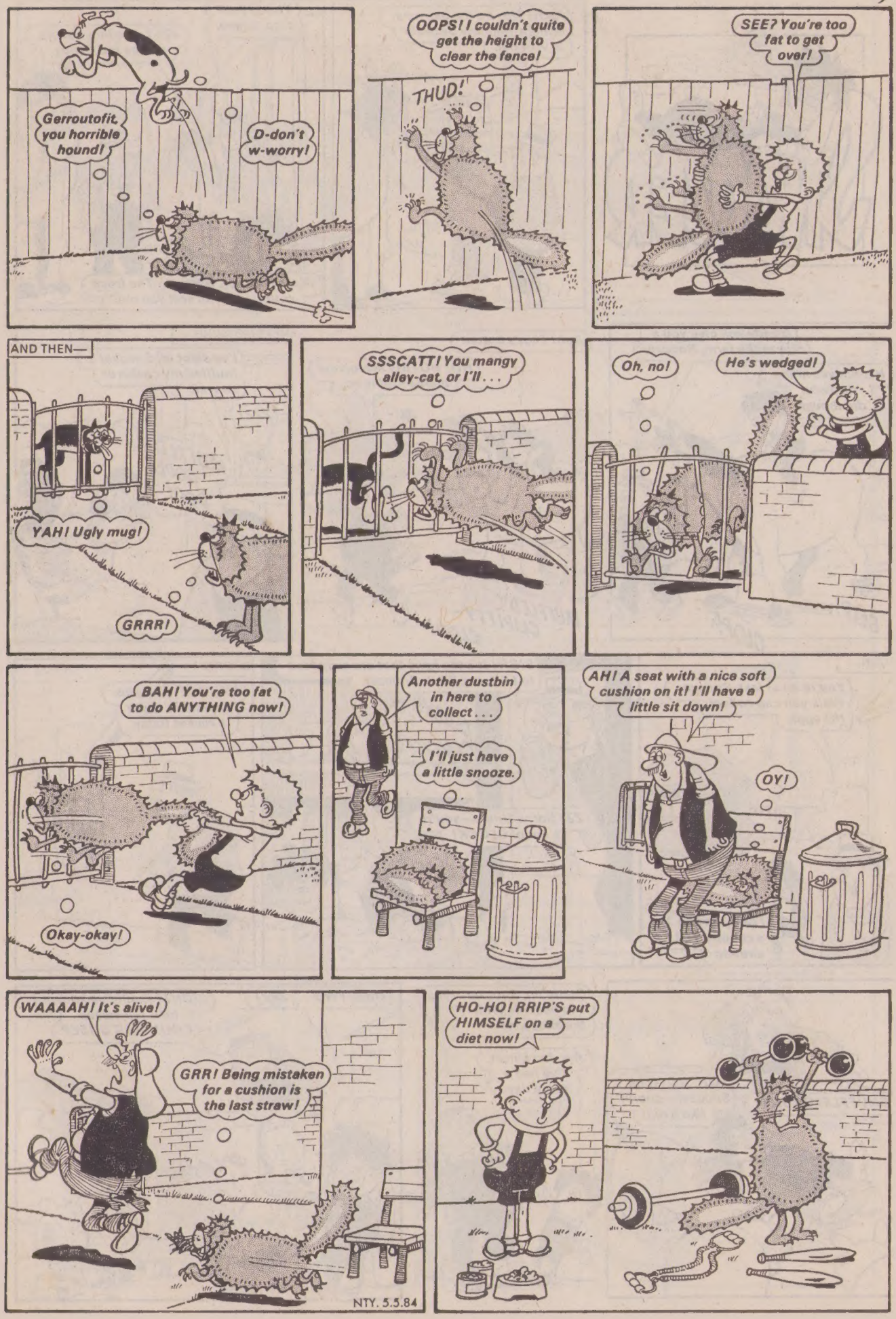
Just slip me boots off and cool the old tootsies.
What a smell—we must be passing a pig farm—or worse.
I'll put the foot down and leave the nasty niff behind.
Great! We'll soon catch up with Snobby-drawers at this rate.
VROOOMSH!
BUT—
Hector! He's found out where the smell was coming from.
WHEEEEEE!
Smelly Cad! GERROUT!
SCREECH!
I can still win if I take a short-cut across this river.
Don't you DARE put your smelly feet in there—you'll pollute our nice clean stream.
Who said that?
Erk! It's the River Patrol!
We'll take you wherever you want—just don't touch the water!
Run, Arnold! Run, Arnold! Run-run-run!
I'm going to win! I'm going to win! URKKK! I'm going to . . .
. . . LOSE! How did you get here?
I cannot tell a lie—I got here by the power o' me feet alone.
Yep! I've got the most powerful feet in the Nutty!
PUTRID
GHASTLY
Choke! I-I can't argue with that! Grooo!
NTY. 5.5.84


THIS WEEK—
KING ZORG
NEWSAGENT
NUTTY
OY! BRING THAT BACK! It's ordered!
GOT IT! King Zorg will be pleased!
UP ON PLANET ZORG—
Ah, good! They're back at last!
HO-HO-HO! This comic is great, King Zorg! Can we order it every week?
NO! Give it here! We'd never get a paper boy to deliver it this far! I only got this one for a very important purpose . . .
SNATCH
AW!
. . . Capturing Bananaman without having to search the whole world for him!
NUTTY
All I have to do is hit Bananaman's picture with this travel ray, and he'll be brought here instantly!
BUT—
Let's see what Glad's Army are doing . . .
ZAP!
LOOK OUT! I've hit the wrong page!
WOW! What are we doing here?
We must have been sent on a mission to conquer these alien forces. GET 'EM!
ERK! Switch off the ray!
THERE! I'll send them back to where they came from, Sire!
PHEW!
I'll try again . . . OH, NO!
GUST
ZAP!
NTY. 5.5.84


URG! I've beamed up Peter Pest this time!
HI!
AARGH! NO! GERROFF! You are well named, aren't you?
HEY, FUNNY MAN! Is this a flying saucer?
HMM! It doesn't fly very well, does it!
Switch the ray off again! Quickly!
CLANG!
AND SO—
This time I've programmed the machine so that it finds the STRONGEST person in " NUTTY " and brings him to me. There can be no mistake this time!
ZAP!
OH, NO?
AAGH! NO! It's brought Pa Slobb. His smell is stronger than even Bananaman's muscle!
Bloomin' Ada!
BAH! I give up! I'm not gonna try again!
AND THEN—
BANANAMAN! But—but—I didn't fire the ray!
SNARL! NO...
... But I heard that you pinched the " NUTTY " I'd ordered. There's nothing makes me madder!
AW, PHOOEY!
NTY. 5.5.84

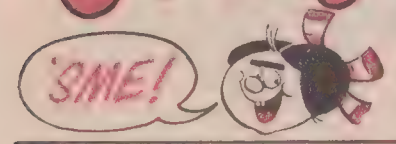
NIP and RRIP

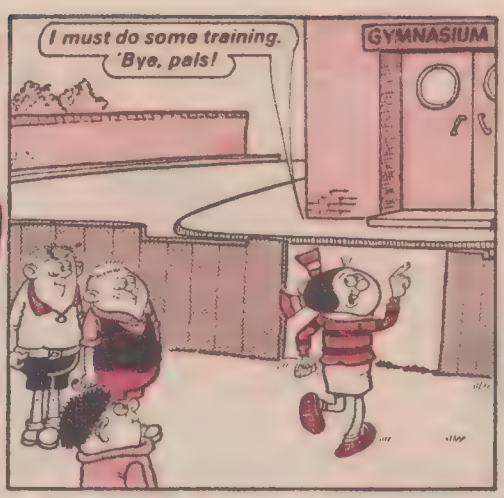

I'll get you some grub, RRIP!
GASP! MICE! Get 'em, RRIP!
Yesssirrr!
BUT—
Er—they all got away, Masster!
I'm having trouble opening this can of cat food.
TSK-TSK! Give it to me!
PUSSY
SEE? No trouble at all!
ZIP! ZIP!
PUSSY
Such table manners!
GLOOK! SHLOOP! SHLOOP! GLUG! BURP! GUZZLE!
PUSSY
NTY. 5.5.84
GOSH! You're fast enough when it comes to EATING, RRIP!
GLEAM!
PUSSY
LATER—
LOOK, RRIP! There's a dog in the garden. See him off!
You BETCHA!

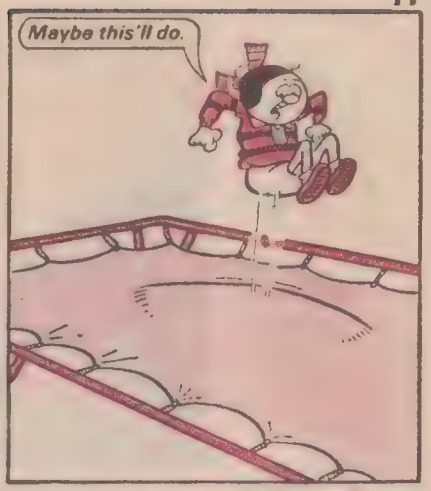

Gerroutofit, you horrible hound!
D-don't w-worry!
OOPS! I couldn't quite get the height to clear the fence!
THUD!
SEE? You're too fat to get over!
AND THEN—
YAH! Ugly mug!
GRRR!
SSSCATT! You mangy alley-cat, or I'll . . .
Oh, no!
He's wedged!
BAH! You're too fat to do ANYTHING now!
Okay-okay!
Another dustbin in here to collect . . .
I'll just have a little snooze.
AH! A seat with a nice soft cushion on it! I'll have a little sit down!
OY!
WAAAAH! It's alive!
GRR! Being mistaken for a cushion is the last straw!
NTY. 5.5.84
HO-HO! RRIP'S put HIMSELF on a diet now!

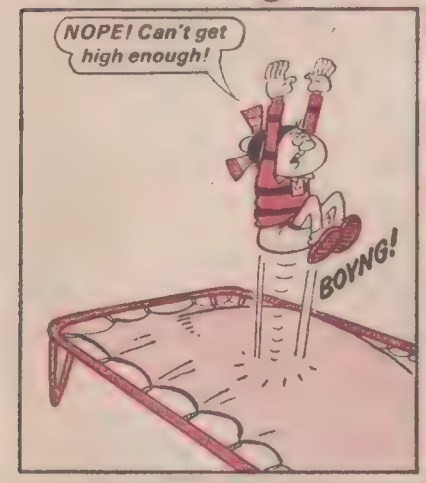
ZZZZ
SNOOZER
AAR! This be the bus now, bringin' nephew Snoozer to visit me.
This is your stop, Sonny.
ZZ! Travelling always makes me sleepy.
Wakey-wakey, Snoozer. The fresh country air will sort you out.
Neddy will give you a ride to the farm, Snoozer.
His hooves make an awful din though.
CLIP!
CLOP!
Aah! That's better.
HO! HO! My scarecrow doesn't think so.
MUFFLED CLIPITTY-CLOP!
NEXT MORNING—
I've slept in! Snoozer's muffled my cockerel as well.
ZZZ!
MUFFLE-OODLE-DOO!
SOON—
You're up at last, Snoozer. Well, you can collect the eggs.
I feel just like a country YOLKel already.
SIGH! It's the hens that are supposed to LAY, not YOU, Snoozer.
CLUCK! CLUCK!
ZZ! Sorry, Uncle—you're out of CLUCK!
SHORTLY—
BY JOVE! The pigs be makin' quite a racket today.
SNORT! GRUNT!
SNUFFLE! GRUNT!
OH, NO! It be Snoozer—snorin' like a pig!
Come on, Snoozer—you can help me with the sheep.
Aw, but Uncle, I've had a tiring day.
ONE, TWO . . . ZZZ!
SIGH! I should've known he'd fall asleep COUNTING SHEEP.
SPLASH!
NTY. 5.5.84

SPORTS FAN


'SME!

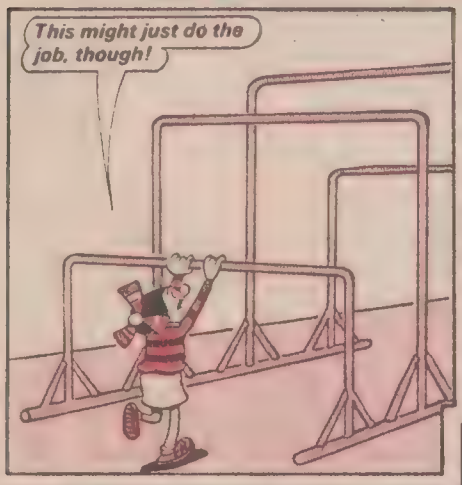

I must do some training. 'Bye, pals!
GYMNASIUM

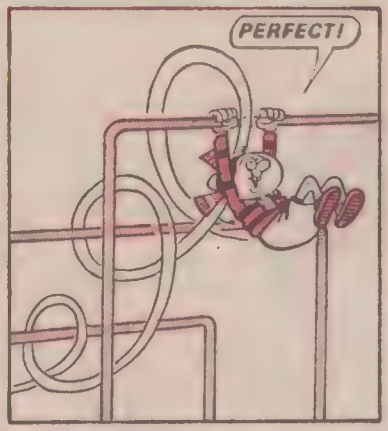

Maybe this'll do.

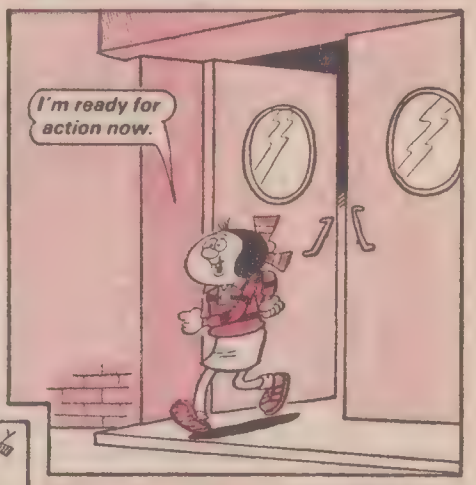

NOPE! Can't get high enough!
BOYNG!

Maybe this will be better.

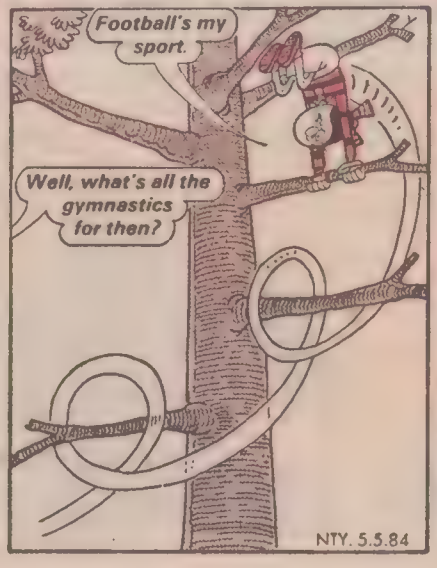
SIGH! No—still not high enough!

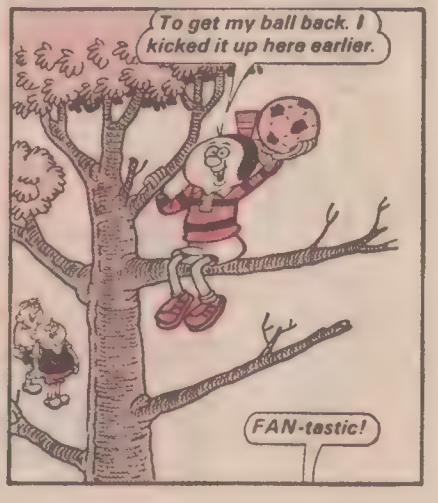

This might just do the job, though!


PERFECT!


I'm ready for action now.

SOON—
What IS your new sport, Fan?
READER'S VOICE
What are you talking about, reader?


Football's my sport.
Well, what's all the gymnastics for then?
NTY. 5.5.84


To get my ball back. I kicked it up here earlier.
FAN-tastic!

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

I'll just have a quick fly over.

READER'S VOICE

That's a big concrete ramp that cars go over, isn't it?

What's the problem, Chiefypoos?

CRUMP!

SMASH!

Your crook-catching chart is down . . . AARGH!

You mean you brought me over here to pick this up, Chief—a man of my talents.

SNORT! No, you gibbon-gobbed giblet.

You haven't caught a villainous, wrong-doer for weeks. It's that SUIT of yours to blame.

VILLAINS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY BANANAMAN

You don't mean I should JACKET in, do you?

You see, VILLAINS spot you miles off in that ridiculous clobber—here, put these on.

But my zillions of fans love my bananasuit.

We're saying nothin'.

GASP!

GRUNT!

Are you all right behind there, Bananaman?

It's not very comfy, Chief.

OH, NO! He's put it on UNDER his costume.

EVENTUALLY—

Now you'll be able to follow any shady character without looking like an explosion in a paint factory.

MUTTER! But couldn't I have had a 'nana coloured raincoat?

SOON—

Hmm! Somebody seems to be following my every footstep.

I was right.

Coo! Wish he'd take bigger steps. This isn't easy at all.

If he follows me in here he'll never come out ALIVE! CACKLE!

WARNING! THIS ALLEY CAN DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

AHA! There he goes.

BOO! HISS!

GRR! Right, Buster—what's the password?

Pardon?

CORRECT! PARDON, it is—in you come, friend.

Er, thanks. What a horrible place you have here.

Well, well, well—what have we here then?

ERK! Who said that?

HEAVY MOB

Caught counting stolen money, eh? It's an OPEN AND SHUT CASE.

He must be a top detective. How did he get in?

Get him, Lads—we'll teach him to snoop on us.

With pleasure.

Er, don't mind me, lads—just carry on with what you're doing.

SUDDENLY—

Take tha . . . OOPS!

GNNGH!

COO! My nana's worn off—thank goodness.

Hit my mate, eh?

Hit my mate's mate, eh?

Hit my mate's mate's mate, eh?

SOON—

You're a genius, Eric. You've captured all this lot yourself—that disguise suits you DOWN TO the GROUND.

It sure does, Chief.

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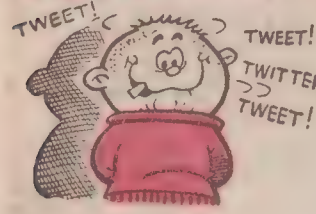
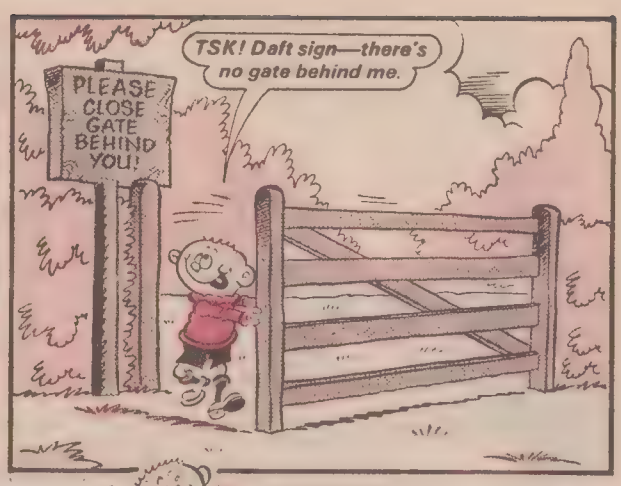
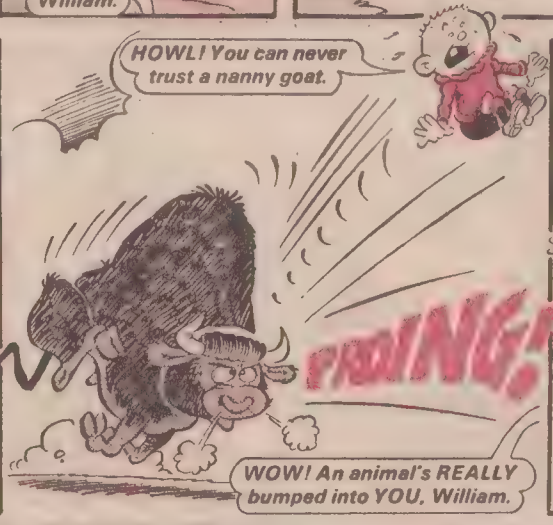
UGH!

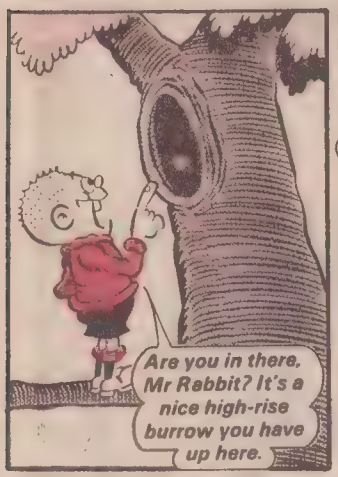
TRIP!

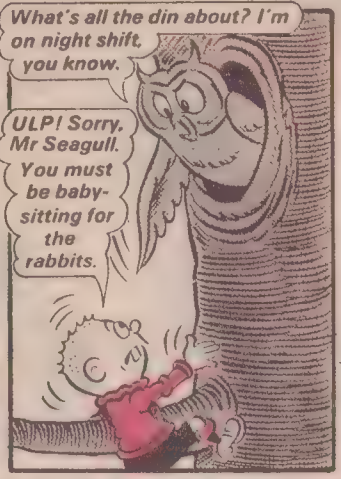
TWEET WILLIAM

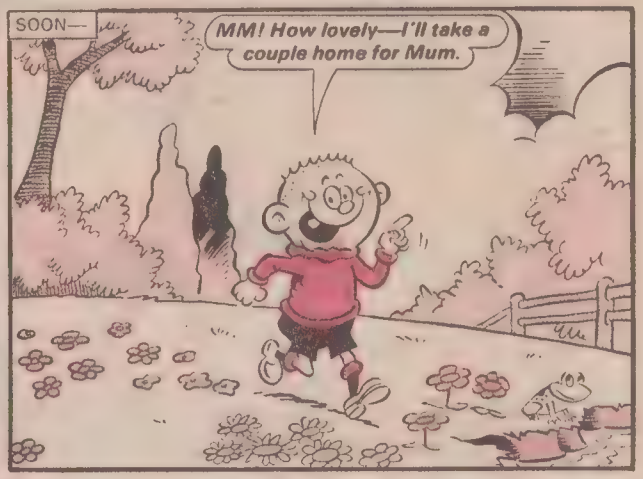


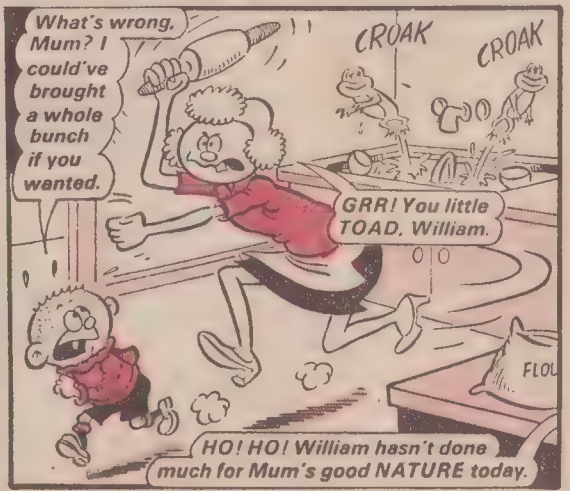


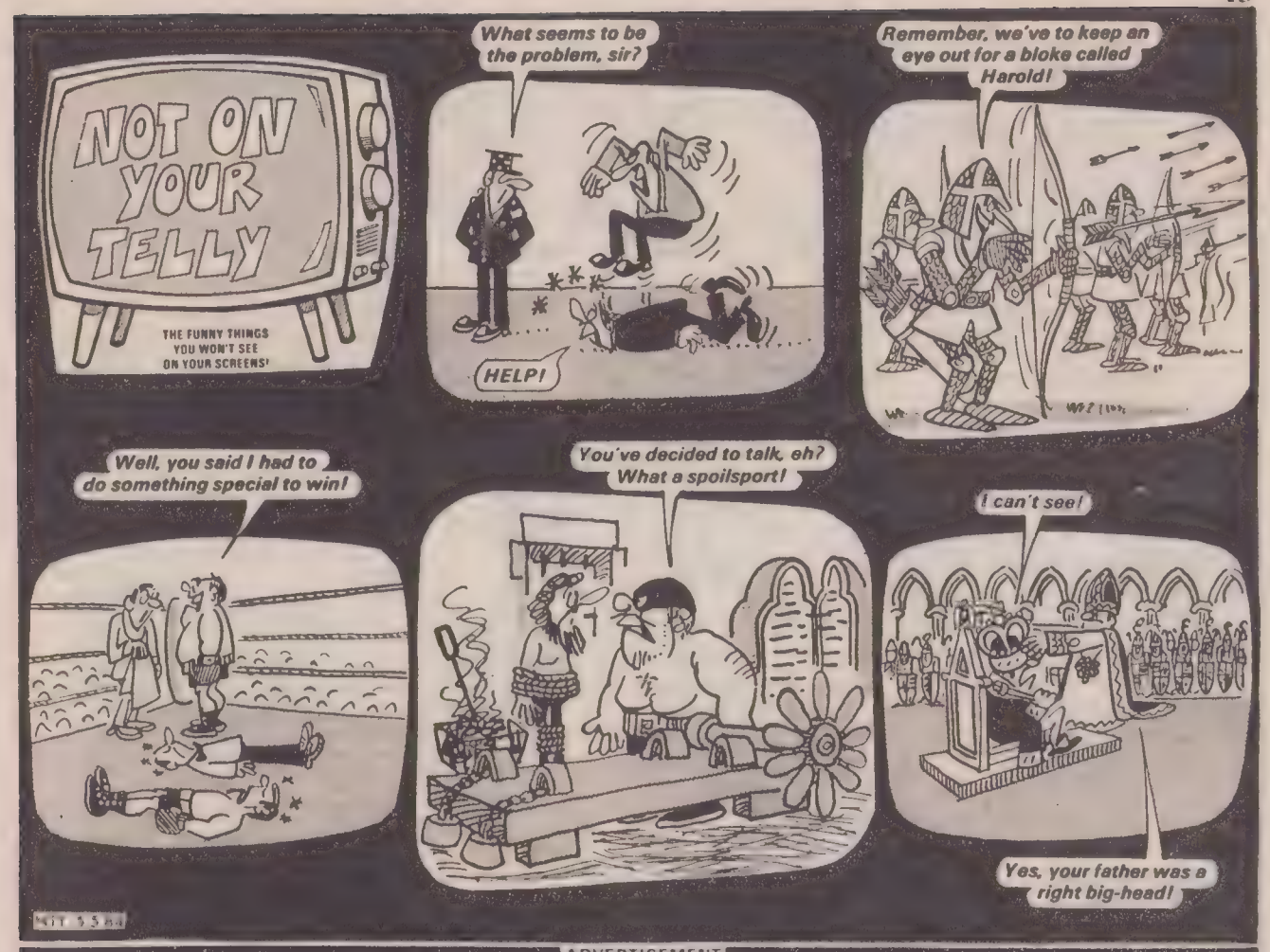









What's wrong, Mum? I could've brought a whole bunch if you wanted.
CROAK
CROAK
GRR! You little TOAD, William.
HO! HO! William hasn't done much for Mum's good NATURE today.


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
What seems to be the problem, sir?
HELP!
Remember, we've to keep an eye out for a bloke called Harold!
Well, you said I had to do something special to win!
You've decided to talk, eh? What a spoilsport!
I can't see!
Yes, your father was a right big-head!

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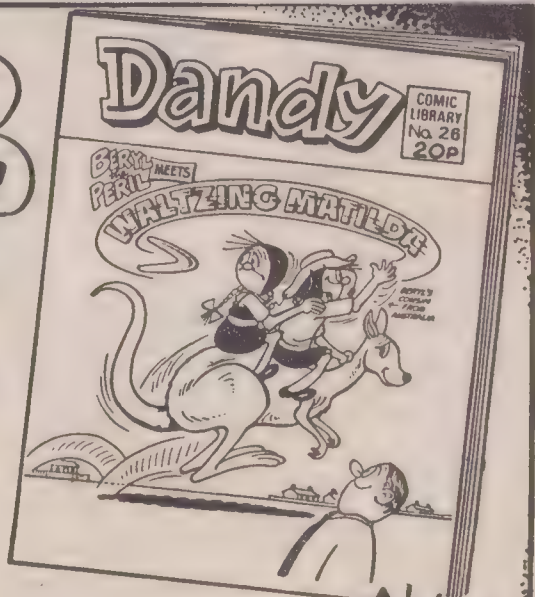

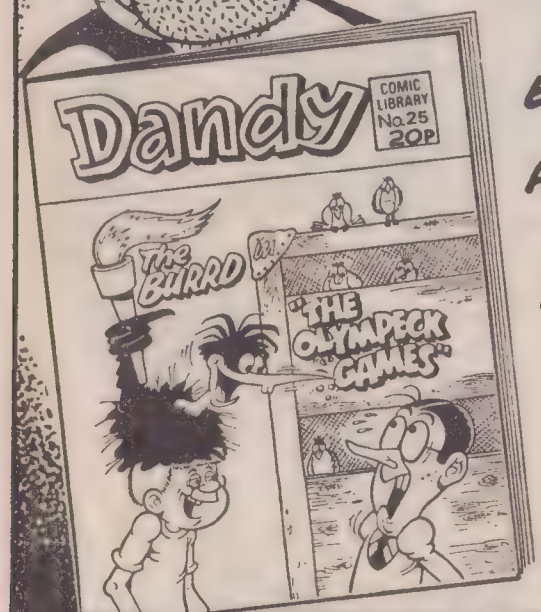

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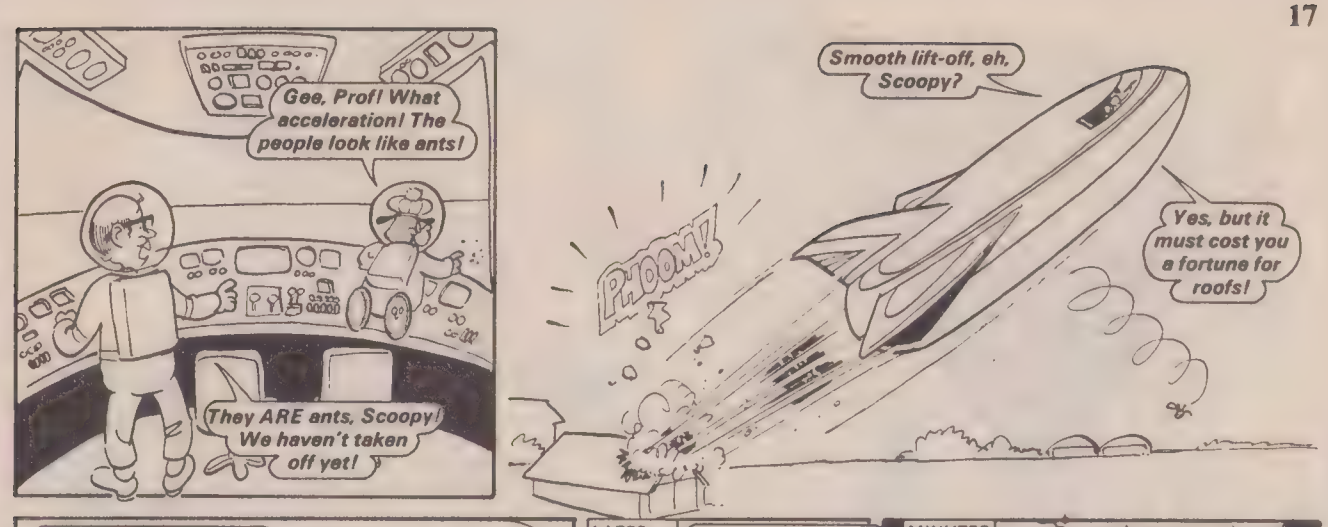
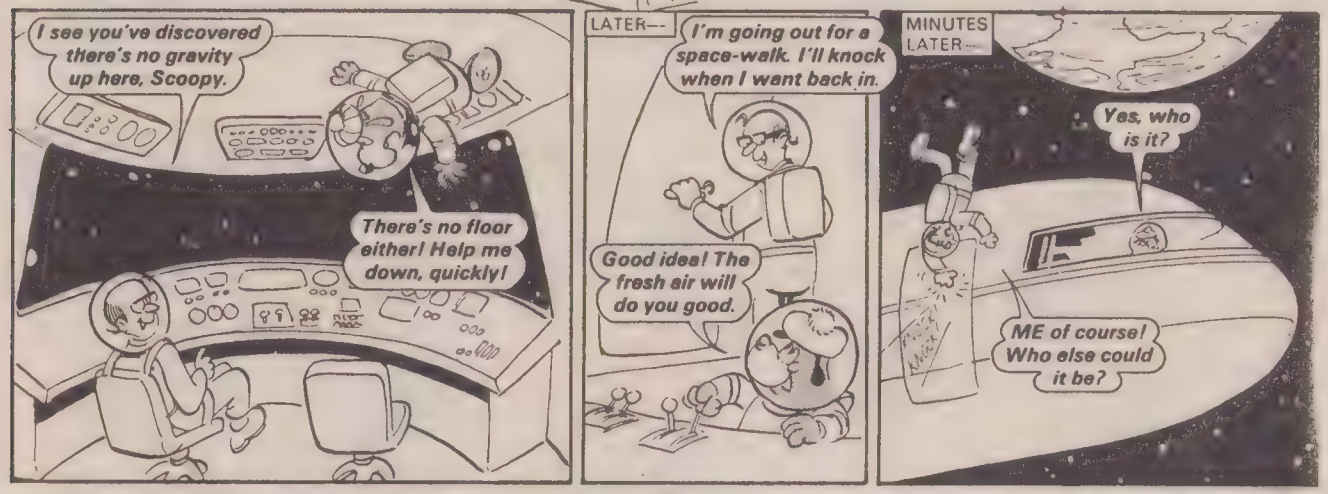
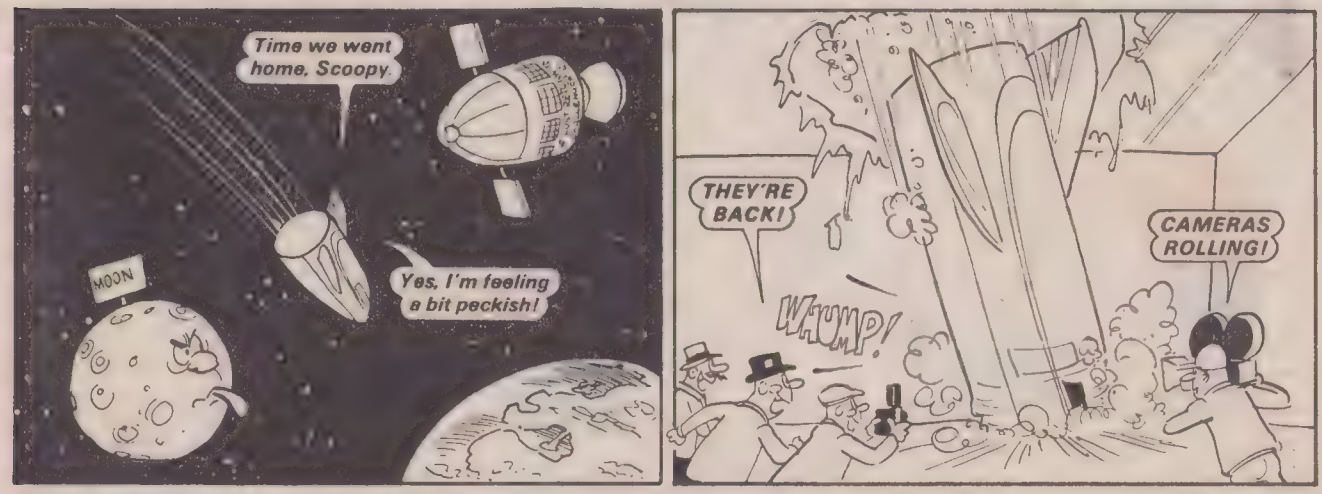
SCOOPY

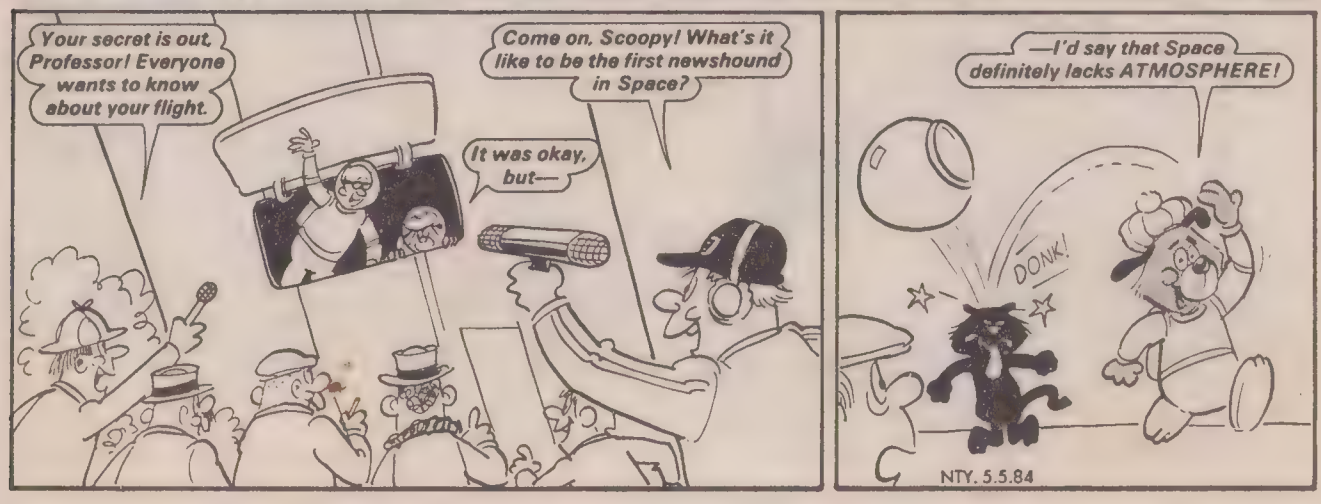
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

Mmm, interesting ad here. "Are you clever enough to be in MENSA? If so, sit our entrance exam!"
MENSA
Wonder what MENSA is?
BOOK FOR DUMBOS
Big book that!
Here we are. MENSA is a club for clever people.
THUMP!
Aagh! Heavy too!
I'm going to sit the entrance exam. When I was at school, I was top-dog!
MENSA
You have eight minutes to finish this small test!
Oo-er!
THUD!
EIGHT MINUTES LATER—
Mmm. Unusual answers.
Yes, I answered them all in my head.
SCOOPY
Doo-Bee Doo-Bee-Doo Tum-Te-Tum Doodle
Everybody next door for the next test—not you, Scoopy! You come this way.
They must have failed!
Did I pass for MENSA, Professor?
You did even better! You're in DENSA!
I've been looking for a co-pilot for the first British shuttle flight. You're my man—dog!
WOW! What a story!
NTY. 5.5.84
I'm sorry! This mission is all hush-hush! No news story! I want to keep it a secret.
Mmm! Well, maybe we should push start her, in case the engines make a noise!

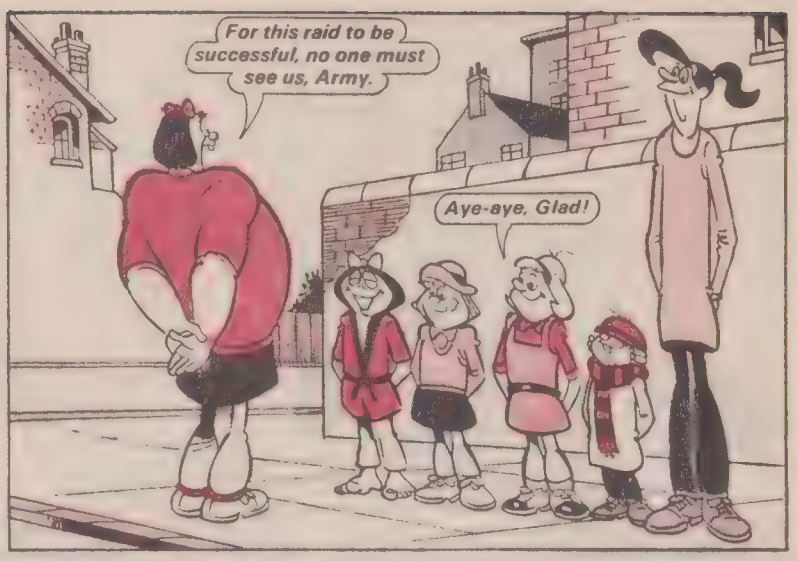

Gee, Prof! What acceleration! The people look like ants!
They ARE ants, Scoopy! We haven't taken off yet!
Smooth lift-off, eh, Scoopy?
KLOOM!
Yes, but it must cost you a fortune for roofs!

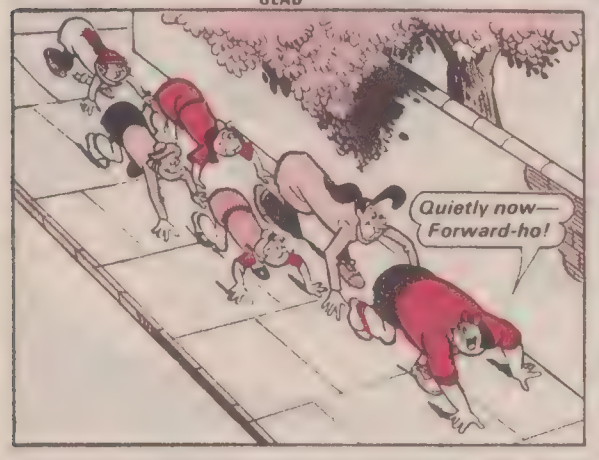

I see you've discovered there's no gravity up here, Scoopy.
There's no floor either! Help me down, quickly!
LATER—
I'm going out for a space-walk. I'll knock when I want back in.
Good idea! The fresh air will do you good.
MINUTES LATER—
Yes, who is it?
ME of course! Who else could it be?


Time we went home, Scoopy.
MOON
Yes, I'm feeling a bit peckish!
THEY'RE BACK!
WAUMP!
CAMERAS ROLLING!

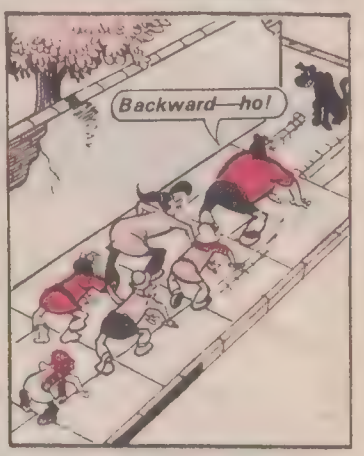

Your secret is out, Professor! Everyone wants to know about your flight.
Come on, Scoopy! What's it like to be the first newshound in Space?
It was okay, but—
—I'd say that Space definitely lacks ATMOSPHERE!
DONK!
NTY. 5.5.84

PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S
GLAD


For this raid to be successful, no one must see us, Army.
Aye-aye, Glad!


Quietly now— Forward-ho!

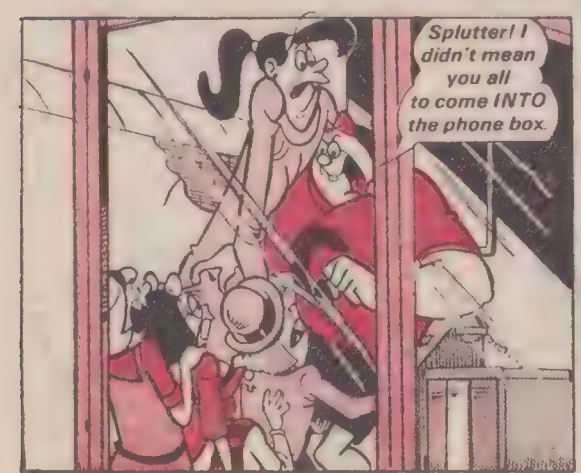
Ulp! Morning, Chomper!
GRR GRR!


Backward—ho!

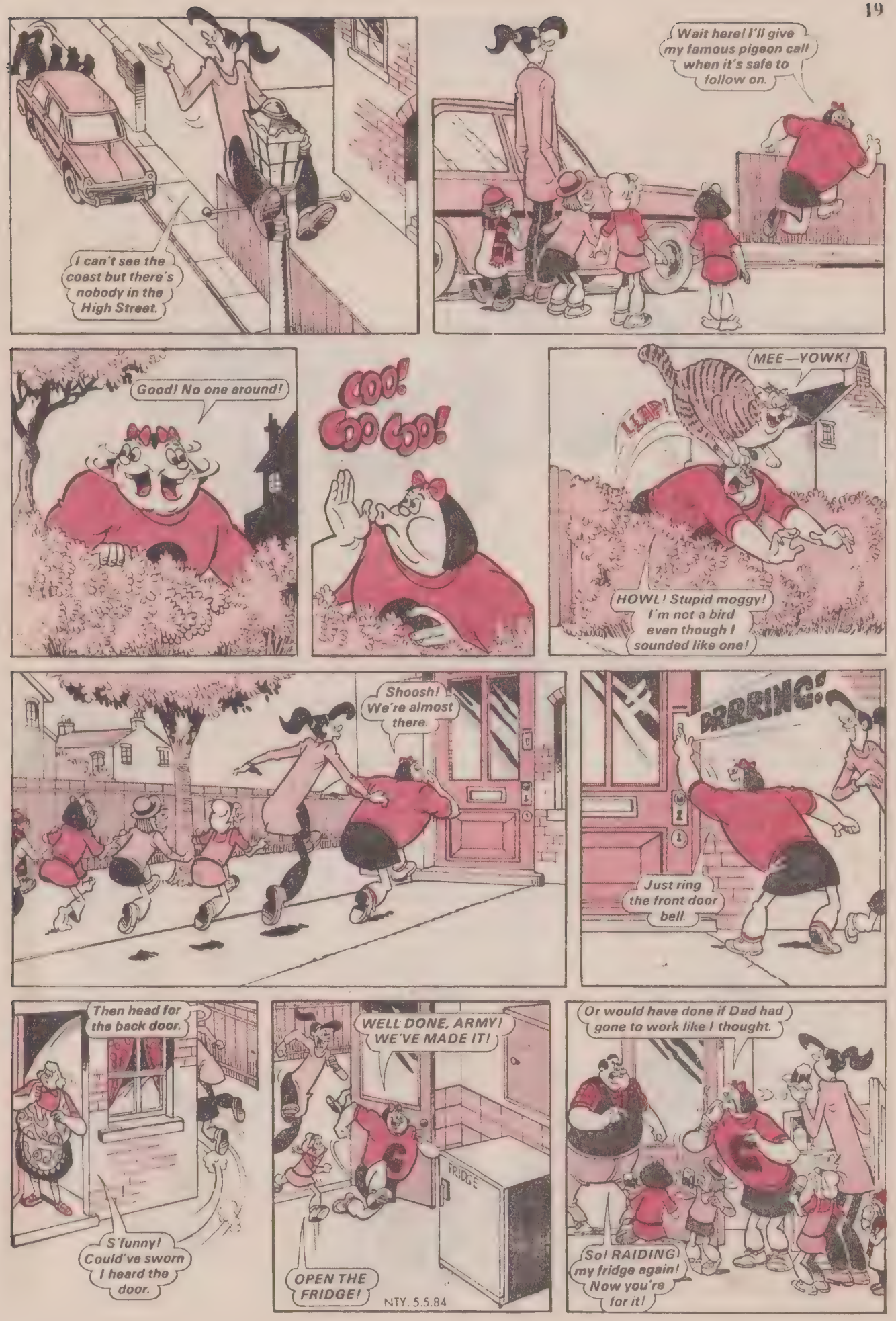
Crawling is no good, but we still must go carefully.

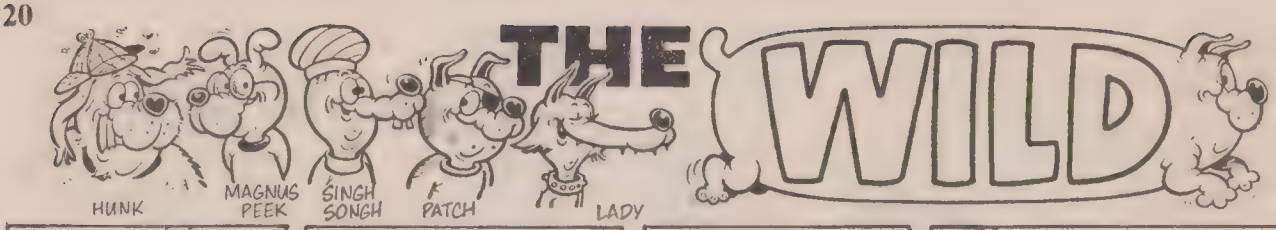
Me first!

All clear! On you come, Army!
TELEPHONE


Splutter! I didn't mean you all to come INTO the phone box.

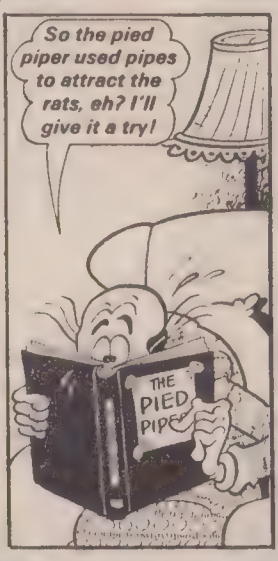
Climb that lamp-post and see if the coast is still clear, Bean.
Will do!
NTY 5.5.84

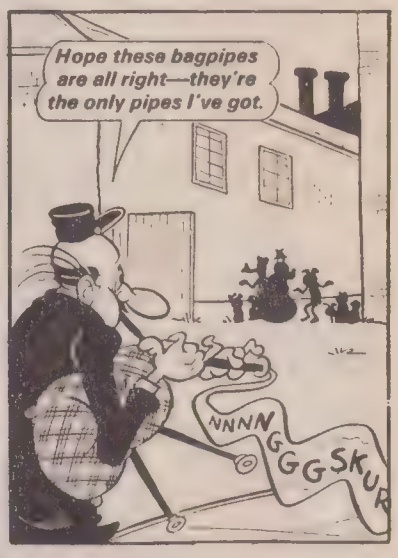

I can't see the coast but there's nobody in the High Street.
Wait here! I'll give my famous pigeon call when it's safe to follow on.
Good! No one around!
COO! COO COO!
MEE—YOWK!
LEAP!
HOWL! Stupid moggy! I'm not a bird even though I sounded like one!
Shoosh! We're almost there.
DRRRING!
Just ring the front door bell.
Then head for the back door.
S'funny! Could've sworn I heard the door.
WELL DONE, ARMY! WE'VE MADE IT!
FRIDGE
OPEN THE FRIDGE!
NTY. 5.5.84
Or would have done if Dad had gone to work like I thought.
So! RAIDING my fridge again! Now you're for it!

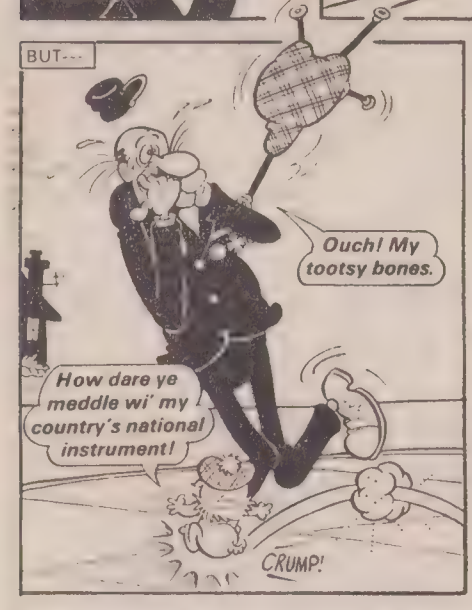

HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SINGH SONGH
PATCH
LADY
THE WILD

I'm going in here to see if there are any books on how to catch dogs.
NUTTY TOWN LIBRARY

I'm sorry, we've nothing! What about this? It's about catching rats.
I'll take it— it might give me a few tips.


So the pied piper used pipes to attract the rats, eh? I'll give it a try!
THE PIED PIPER


Hope these bagpipes are all right—they're the only pipes I've got.
NNNNGGGSKUR


BUT---
Ouch! My tootsy bones.
How dare ye meddle wi' my country's national instrument!
CRUMP!

Come tae me, ye wee beauties!

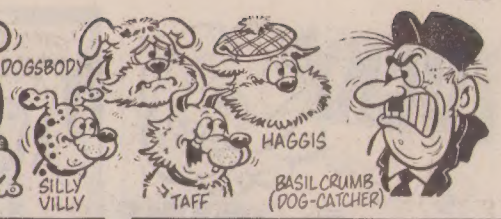
LATER, AT THE BUTCHERS --
I was using the wrong bait to attract the Rovers. This bone will do the trick!

BUTCHERS
Here, Doggy-doggies!

Yeowch! My arm!
Lovely grub!
SLURP

Letgomyarm you mangymutt!
NTY. 5.5.84

ROVERS


DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

What are you moaning about? I didn't bite you!
No, but you gave me a nasty suck!
SHLOOP

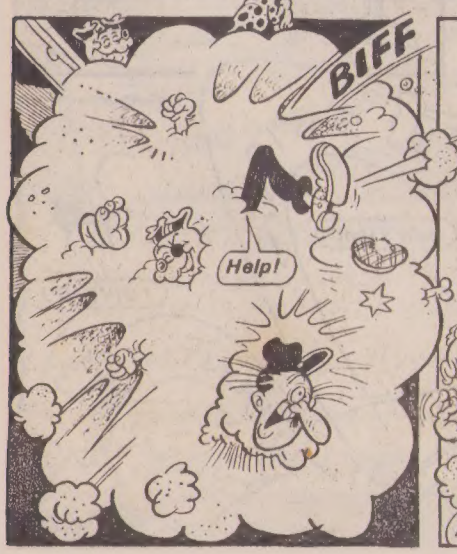
There must be something to attract the Rovers.

Of course—the sound of a cat! Why didn't I think of that before?
Because you're a dumbo!
READER'S VOICE
IDEA

I'll ignore that! MEEOWWWW!

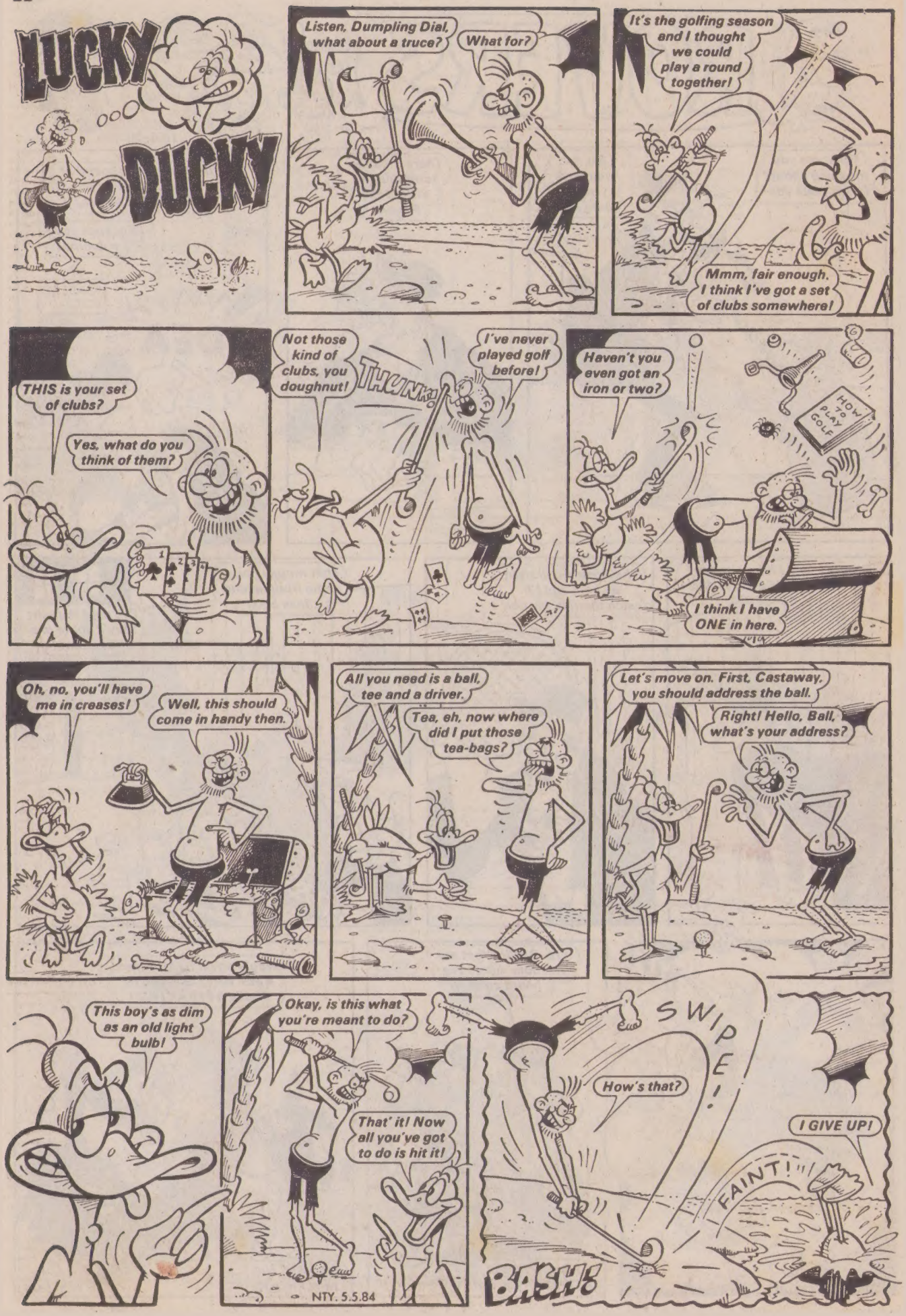
The Rovers will soon be here and I'll catch them in my net!

That moggy noise came from behind those bins!
Oh, no, I thought they'd come one at a time!


BIFF
Help!

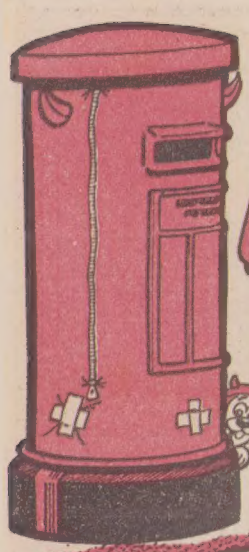
'Ere, Basil! What are you doin' here? We heard cats!
I was trying to ATTRACT you lot!

It would never have worked, Basil. After all—you're hardly ATTRACTIVE!
GROAN! Not now I'm not!
NTY. 5.5.84


LUCKY DUCKY
Listen, Dumpling Diel, what about a truce?
What for?
It's the golfing season and I thought we could play a round together!
Mmm, fair enough. I think I've got a set of clubs somewhere!
THIS is your set of clubs?
Yes, what do you think of them?
Not those kind of clubs, you doughnut!
THUNK!
I've never played golf before!
Haven't you even got an iron or two?
HOW TO PLAY GOLF
I think I have ONE in here.
Oh, no, you'll have me in creases!
Well, this should come in handy then.
All you need is a ball, tee and a driver.
Tea, eh, now where did I put those tea-bags?
Let's move on. First, Castaway, you should address the ball.
Right! Hello, Ball, what's your address?
This boy's as dim as an old light bulb!
Okay, is this what you're meant to do?
That' it! Now all you've got to do is hit it!
NTY. 5.5.84
SWIPE!
How's that?
I GIVE UP!
FAINT!
BASH!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

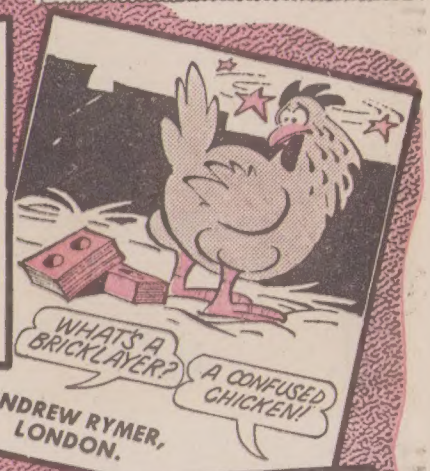
BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

CRAIG McKENZIE, DINGWALL.

TIME FOR A RHYME!

Nutty is a comic,
I have always read,
I read it on the couch
And read it in my bed.
My brother likes Sports Fan page
And I like Bananaman,
But all that really matters is,
I'm a Nutty fan!

ALISON GENTLEMAN, SURREY.



ANDREW RYMER, LONDON.

JANICE O'DELL, BEDFORD.

ONIONS, GHERKINS, EGGS . . .

There was a young fellow from Cricklewood,
Who always ate jars of pickled food.
When asked "Why, oh, why?"
He would simply reply
"On the way to my tum they tickle good!"

JAMES CLARK, GLOUCESTER.

THATS THE WAY!

"Boy, will you direct me to the bank?"
"Yes, if you give me £1."
"A pound, that's a bit much!"
"Sure, bank DIRECTORS are always well paid!"

MICHAEL KNIGHT, COLCHESTER.

ODE TO BANANAMAN

Bananaman, he's super, he really is a wow!
I surely do adore him, and yet I don't know how.
While General Blight is plotting, coming up with something hot,
Bananaman's just relaxing—what? Surely not!
Yes, his enemies, no matter how cunning, know that in the end,
Bananaman will outwit them, the world's greatest friend.

JANE McAULEY, WISHAW.

SPLASH!

What mustn't you do when it's raining cats and dogs?
Step on a POODLE!

C. DIPLOCK, GLAMORGAN.

LITTLE PERISHER!

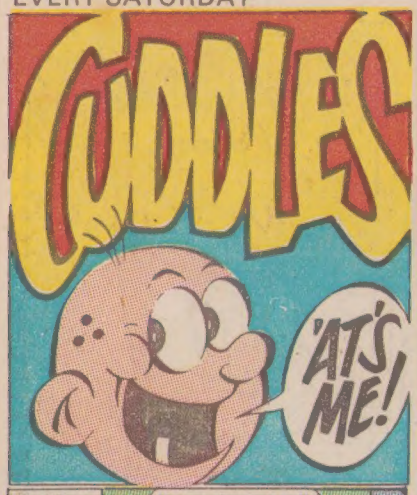
I have a little brother and he is very bad,
He beats me and he kicks me and it really makes me mad.
But if you would only send him a T-shirt, blue white and yellow
I'm sure he would become the sweetest little fellow!

MARIA KHAN, LONDON.

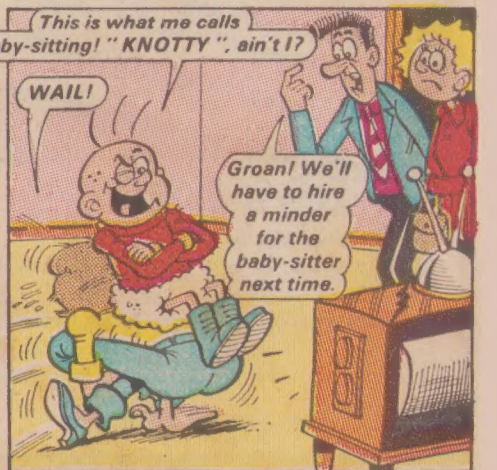
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 5.5.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—



ONE NIGHT—
Good luck with the baby-sitting, Jenny. Don't let Cuddles watch too much telly.
He won't be any bother—I'll see he goes to bed early.



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